

The Haiba Mystery (Part 1 of 5)

Scene One – Alleyway

(A grimy, filth-ridden alleyway. Puddles are splayed out all over the cracked ground, rain splattering against the earth in a miserable fashion. A few cubs are stood in a circle, close to the centre, overlooking something. Their bodies obscure what it is, however. A few other lions and lionesses are scattered around the alleyway.)

A man, wearing a long beige trenchcoat and a fedora hat walks over one of the puddles, causing the water to slosh around on the dirty concrete. He pushes past several of the lions and lionesses, confronting a golden-furred cub stood just outside the hushed circle of onlookers.)

SIMBA: What the hell are you doing here? You've got some nerve to show your face around town again.

(The man stares down at the cub, his eyes hidden behind a pair of black sunglasses. He slowly removes them, revealing blue eyes.)

TPYMK: Am I that ugly? You need to get a sense of humour, Simba.

SIMBA: Detective ThatPersonYouMightKnow. I thought they'd fired you from the force for being drunk and disorderly?

TPYMK: That was Detective ThatPersonYouProbablyDon'tKnow. They get the two confused quite often. Now, tell me what's going on around here.

SIMBA: Why do you care? This isn't your case.

TPYMK: It's my case when I say it's my case. Tell me what's happening.

(Simba rolls his eyes, casting a glance at the circle of cubs.)

SIMBA: Murder. They just stabbed him right through the chest.

Didn't leave a weapon. We won't know what it is until the forensics team come back with a report.

TPYMK: That'll be about nine years, then. It's not as simple as it looks on TV.

(He narrows his eyes in curiosity.)

So who is it?

SIMBA: I don't know. Some guy. I've never met him. You take a look.

(TPYMK strides over to the circle of cubs.)

TPYMK: Out of the way.

(He shoves two of them aside with ease, allowing him access to the body in the centre.)

What the...?

(A cub is lying in the centre. Brown-furred with blue eyes. There is a gaping wound in his chest, smothered with dry blood. He has been dead for quite some time.

TPYMK looks on with wide eyes. Simba joins him by his side, looking at the body.)

SIMBA: You recognise him?

TPYMK: You could say that. It's Haiba.

To Be Continued...

AN: Well, I surprised you last night with this new script – and I managed to resurrect the Haiba section in the process. You begged me for it – we should use it! So far, Haiba has been murdered, I'm a grungy detective, and none of you know what's going on. Maybe this chapter will make things a little clearer.. Probably not, though.

The Haiba Mystery (Part 2 of 5)

Scene One – Alleyway

(TPYMK is leaning against the wall, contemplating on what he has just seen. Simba is stood beside him, watching with a curious expression.)

SIMBA: So you *do* know him?

(TPYMK nods.)

TPYMK: He was very close to me. We had a... relationship.

(Simba arches an eyebrow at this. TPYMK scowls.)

Not in *that* way, you idiot. I just mean we had a close friendship.

SIMBA: But why? Just who is this Haiba guy?

TPYMK: I was there when he was born. Even then, he always seemed quite... strange.

SIMBA: Strange? In what way?

(TPYMK takes a deep breath, looking down at the cub.)

TPYMK: He was in love with everything.

SIMBA: *Everything*? What, you mean, even—?

TPYMK: Yes. Everything. Tables, teacups, chairs... You name it. He was in love with just about anything you can touch. And the stuff you *can't* touch, either. He once tried to form a relationship with thin air, for example.

SIMBA: How would that even work?

(TPYMK shrugs.)

TPYMK: I don't know. He said that "it took his breath away". Literally, I imagine. Despite being in love with everyone, that love was hardly reciprocated.

(Simba grins.)

SIMBA: So the table rejected him?

TPYMK: Don't laugh about it. He was a friend. He almost felt like... well, a brother, in some respects.

SIMBA: You don't sound too upset about it.

TPYMK: I am on the inside. Personally, I never was one for crying and sobbing into the late hours of the night. Most of the sadness is internal.

(TPYMK scratches the back of his neck, shaking some of the rain from his hair. The downpour is slowly beginning to weaken; only a few light droplets are hitting the ground now.)

SIMBA: So what are you going to do now?

TPYMK: I'm gonna check the body, first of all. Then maybe I can interrogate a few suspects, and find out some more information.

SIMBA: Who do you think did it?

TPYMK: Someone with a grudge against him. It has to be. No one would kill someone like Haiba for the sake of it. He's far too... cheesy. It acts like a barrier of protection. It shields him. Keeps him safe. This has come as quite a surprise to me.

SIMBA: So someone broke the force field of cheesiness?

(Simba is smiling, particularly enjoying this.)

This is "cheddar" than I thought.

TPYMK: That's enough of those puns. They're not "punny" enough. Now, come on – I want to take a closer look at what happened.

Five Minutes Later...

(The alleyway is now almost deserted, save for TPYMK, Simba and a few other lions scattered around the place. The man and the cub are stood over Haiba's dead body. TPYMK is examining

it closely.)

TPYMK: Looks like he's been stabbed right through the chest.

SIMBA: That's what I said, genius.

TPYMK: Odd stab wound, though. Doesn't look like it's from any kind of knife I've ever seen. Can't even tell whether he was stabbed from the front or behind. It's a clean perforation.

SIMBA: That's what's confusing. This took longer than expected. I thought I'd be home with the wife right about now.

TPYMK: What's she cooking?

SIMBA: Cheesy pasta.

(TPYMK grimaces.)

TPYMK: I think I've had enough of cheese for one day.

SIMBA: So, what do you think? Any clues?

TPYMK: Not as such. I can think of a few people who might kill their victims via stabbings – but I can't pin down a specific suspect. Looks like I'll have to do things the old fashioned way.

SIMBA: Use a computer to track them down? Our software is highly effective, you know.

TPYMK: I was thinking more along the lines of "shoot first, ask questions later". It's sexier that way.

SIMBA: You're an idiot.

TPYMK: And you're a *bigger* idiot. Anyway, I think I'll go and interrogate my first suspect. Plus I need a drink. This has been a long night.

SIMBA: You want me to come?

TPYMK: Nah, I'll be all right. I prefer to do things by myself.

(Simba watches as TPYMK trudges off down the alleyway, his hands thrust deep into the pockets of his trenchcoat.)

SIMBA: (whispering) Good luck.

Scene Two – Bar

(An old-fashioned bar. The atmosphere is rather quaint. A few lions and lionesses are scattered around the various tables, sipping from their drinks and speaking in hushed conversation.)

TPYMK enters through the saloon-type door, quietly approaching the bar. He sits down on one of the wooden stools. The barman, a lion called Bora, pops up from underneath the opposite side. He is polishing a glass with a cloth.)

BORA: Hey, there. What can I get you?

TPYMK: Pint of your best, please.

BORA: Pint of my best what?

TPYMK: Milk.

BORA: *Milk?*

TPYMK: *Chocolate* milk. I'm feeling brave tonight.

(Bora shoots him a confused glance.)

BORA: Whatever you say, man.

(Bora goes off to get the drink. Meanwhile, TPYMK shoots an aside glance at the far side of the bar.)

He can see a long table. Sat at the end of it is the Interceptor, surrounded by a few shady characters – including a lion with a long magic staff and one with a scar running down his left eye – while he sips from an ugly-looking orangey mixture in a glass.)

TPYMK: (to himself) The Interceptor...

(Bora returns with a pint glass filled with chocolate milk, placing it down on the bar.)

BORA: Here's your milk.

(TPYMK sips from the glass, sighing in relaxation.)

TPYMK: Now *that's* what I call a drink.

(Bora wanders off, muttering to himself.)

BORA: Weirdo...

(TPYMK picks up his glass and wanders over to the table where the Interceptor is. He stares into the lion's eyes.)

TPYMK: Interceptor.

(The Interceptor nods, acknowledging him.)

INTERCEPTOR: ThatPersonYouMightKnow. *I like it!* Haven't seen you in a while.

TPYMK: I was outta town.

(TPYMK sits down at the opposite end of the table, ignoring the odd stares he is getting from the Interceptor's comrades.)

INTERCEPTOR: You should have stayed away. Especially after you put me in that prison for two years. And you have the nerve to approach me again? You know how dangerous I am.

TPYMK: You went to prison for parking tickets. You're not dangerous in the least.

(The Interceptor suddenly looks embarrassed, avoiding the stares from his friends.)

INTERCEPTOR: Sh-shut up! You still shouldn't have come here!

(TPYMK glances at the Interceptor's glass.)

TPYMK: What are you drinking? Vodka? Urine?

INTERCEPTOR: Liquidised sausage. Nothing else beats it.

(TPYMK pulls a face, disgusted.)

TPYMK: I can see why I avoid these places.

INTERCEPTOR: This is a man's drink, anyway.

(The lion with the staff pipes up.)

HAGO: Yeah – what the hell are *you* drinking?

(TPYMK responds with nothing but confidence.)

TPYMK: Chocolate milk.

(The Interceptor and his cohorts burst out laughing at this.)

INTERCEPTOR: Chocolate milk! Oh, that's funny!

HAGO: Aw, look at the little baby. Does he need his milk?

SCAR: Maybe he needs a bedtime story, too!

(TPYMK glares at them all, severely unimpressed.)

TPYMK: Very funny, you immature babies. How ironic. Clearly you aren't aware of the concept of being teetotal, but—

INTERCEPTOR: Teetotal? That sounds like something a golfer says when he wants to know his score.

HAGO: What a loser!

(The villains chuckle again.)

TPYMK: Okay, maybe I should get straight to the point. When were you last at the Wazimu Alleyway?

INTERCEPTOR: Wazimu Alleyway? I haven't been there. That's where all the druggies hang out.

TPYMK: Surprised you weren't all there, then.

INTERCEPTOR: Hey, I don't do any of that sausage-y stuff. It's for losers.

TPYMK: That's why your pupils are dilated. I'd say you were there quite recently. Earlier this evening, in fact.

(The Interceptor finishes his drink, wiping the remnants from his muzzle.)

INTERCEPTOR: What the hell are you talking about?

TPYMK: A cub – a close friend of mine, actually – died there earlier today. He was murdered. His name was Haiba. Does that mean anything to you?

(The Interceptor shakes his head.)

INTERCEPTOR: Nothing at all.

TPYMK: Really? Then you wouldn't mind if you came down to the precinct to be questioned, then?

INTERCEPTOR: I haven't got time for that. More important things to do.

TPYMK: Like kill more innocent people?

(The Interceptor scowls, eyes filled with anger.)

INTERCEPTOR: I've just about had enough of your sausage-y nonsense.

(He rises to his paws, scraping his chair across the floor.)

Come on, boys – let's show him how real men fight.

(TPYMK calmly finishes his chocolate milk, as the villains slowly close in on him...)

TPYMK: This should be interesting.

To Be Continued...

AN: Heh-heh-heh... That was fun. Since I don't drink, I really don't fit in at bars, so I thought I might as well place myself somewhere out of my comfort zone. I probably would order a pint of chocolate milk, too. Who doesn't love that stuff? Hmm... it seems that the Interceptor and his nasty friends are after me. Can I escape? You'll have to find out tomorrow!

AN: This chapter was rather unpleasant to write. It starts off humorous, but I'll warn you now that it'll take a rather steep dark turn. I did say this would be a little bit rough when I started... Still, it's what I'm going for with this. An experiment of sorts.

The Haiba Mystery (Part 3 of 5)

Scene One – Bar

(The thugs close in on TPYMK, ready to tear him apart.)

INTERCEPTOR: I hope you like sausages, 'cause I'm gonna fry you into one!

HAGO: Let's get him!

(The Interceptor, Hago and Scar all pounce at TPYMK.)

TPYMK: Hmm...

(TPYMK steps to the side, sending the villains crashing right into the floor. They lay there in a heap, groaning.)

INTERCEPTOR: *That little creep!*

(The Interceptor launches a fist at TPYMK, only for him to duck. His fist collides with the wall. *Crack!* He hops about on the ground in pain.)

HAGO: Why, you little...

(Hago hurls his staff at TPYMK, only for it to bounce off the table and hit him right back in the face. He's unconscious before he hits the ground.)

SCAR: My bland characteristics will defeat you!

(Scar steps towards TPYMK, only to slip on a random banana peel and trip over.)

TPYMK: That was easy.

(TPYMK dusts off his hands, regarding the fallen criminals.)

Never mess with a man and his chocolate milk.

(He calmly steps over the bodies, leaving the bar.)

INTERCEPTOR: Just what was *in* that chocolate milk?

(Scar sticks a claw up in the air.)

SCAR: I'll have what he's having!

Scene Two – Outside Simba's House

(*Dingdong!* TPYMK steps back from the door, having rung the bell. He waits a few seconds before Simba answers.)

SIMBA: What do you want?

TPYMK: You ate all that pasta yet?

Scene Three – Kitchen

(TPYMK and Simba are sat facing each other at a dining table. Simba's wife, Nala, is placing a few plates of cheesy pasta on the table.)

NALA: I must say, it's very nice to have you visit, ThatPersonYouMightKnow. It's been years!

TPYMK: I was outta town.

SIMBA: So you keep saying. What have you been up to?

NALA: Oh, leave him alone, Simba. You know him – he likes to keep himself to himself.

TPYMK: It's better that way.

(TPYMK frowns at the sight of the cheesy pasta, bad memories returning to him. He shakes his head, though, and proceeds to eat it with a fork.)

SIMBA: So why'd you come here?

(TPYMK finishes a mouthful of the pasta, glancing up at Simba.)

TPYMK: I want some help.

SIMBA: Help? Help with what?

TPYMK: The case.

(Simba rolls his eyes.)

SIMBA: I told you that it wasn't your case.

NALA: Boys, stop fighting. I thought you two used to be partners.

SIMBA: Yeah – until he left.

TPYMK: We can start again where we left off. I want to get to the bottom of this mystery. It means a lot to me.

NALA: What case is this?

TPYMK: A friend of mine was murdered earlier today.

NALA: Really? Oh, I'm sorry – that's so sad. What was his name?

TPYMK: Haiba.

(Nala pauses as she sits down at the table.)

NALA: Haiba? Can't say I've heard the name before. Were you close?

TPYMK: He meant a lot to me... Like I was a part of him, and he was a part of me.

SIMBA: Well... can't do anything about it now.

(Nala shoots Simba a disapproving stare.)

NALA: Simba, you really should help him. He's obviously distressed.

TPYMK: I've got a lead. I visited the Interceptor.

SIMBA: The Interceptor? That pathetic excuse for a criminal?

TPYMK: Yeah. I think he was buying drugs on Wazimu Alleyway – where Haiba was shot. I know there's a connection somewhere...

(He bumps his fist on the table in slight frustration.)

I just wish I knew who the dealer was...

(Simba glances aside, somewhat awkwardly.)

SIMBA: Well... if you know where to look...

Scene Four – Outside Abandoned Warehouse

(TPYMK and Simba are stood outside a shabby-looking warehouse, paint peeling from the rusty metal walls. The two are facing a wooden door hanging limply from one hinge.)

TPYMK: *This* is it?

SIMBA: What were you expecting? A giant mansion filled with beautiful women and glamorous parties?

TPYMK: No. Just something a little more... secluded. I imagine somewhere underground would be an ideal place to do such business.

SIMBA: It doesn't matter. No one comes here, anyway. It's been abandoned for years. It's quite an... interesting place.

TPYMK: How did you know where to find it?

(Simba chuckles nervously.)

SIMBA: Uh... let's just get inside, shall we?

(Simba ushers TPYMK in through the door.)

Scene Five – Abandoned Warehouse

(TPYMK looks around the interior of the warehouse, recoiling in disgust almost instantly.)

TPYMK: Jesus – that stinks.

(The small warehouse floor is packed with animals of all different species, scattered around the floor in various different positions. All of them look noticeably zoned out from reality, some of them giggling incessantly at one another. Psychedelic-sounding music can be heard playing in the background.)

SIMBA: Happy now?

(TPYMK takes a step forward, only for something to crunch underneath his shoe. He looks down. It's a glass syringe. He looks horrified.)

TPYMK: Oh. My. God.

SIMBA: I know. Some party, isn't it?

TPYMK: Not the exact word I'd use...

(A hornbill drunkenly stumbles past the two, stopping to take a look at them. Her pupils are noticeably dilated.)

PORI: Hey – you guys here to join the party?

SIMBA: Yeah. We're just here for a good time.

(TPYMK frowns.)

TPYMK: Does your mother know you're out this late?

(Pori giggles.)

PORI: You're funny, dude.

(She saunters off. TPYMK glares at Simba.)

TPYMK: "Just here for a good time"? This is important work, Simba!

SIMBA: We can't exactly say we're police officers, can we? We're supposed to be undercover. Besides, I'm known around here... I can't draw too much attention to myself.

TPYMK: What do you mean, you're *known* around here?

SIMBA: It's nothing... Just go and find the dealer. He should be

around here somewhere.

TPYMK: And what are *you* going to be doing?

SIMBA: Seeing if anyone else knows about Haiba. Go on. Don't let me stop you.

(Simba wanders away. TPYMK rolls his eyes and walks off in the opposite direction.)

TPYMK: What the hell am I doing here?

(TPYMK spots a wooden staircase up ahead. A small lion cub is lying at the bottom, looking in a rather frail state. As he approaches the staircase, TPYMK can't help but notice him.)

Hey!

(The cub coughs.)

Hey!

(The cub finally notices him.)

DUNI: Who are you?

TPYMK: My name is That— Uh, actually, let's just call me... Yo.

DUNI: Yo? Funny name...

(TPYMK sits down on the bottom step.)

TPYMK: What's your name?

(The cub coughs again, lifting a previously unseen cigarette to his mouth. He intakes a mouthful of smoke. TPYMK winces, wishing he'd brought a clothes peg to prevent the putrid odour from reaching his nostrils.)

DUNI: My name is Duni. My friends call me Shocker, though.

TPYMK: Why do they call you Shocker?

DUNI: I take some shocking stuff.

(He takes another drag from the cigarette.)

This is nothing compared to what I've done.

TPYMK: You're a bit young.

DUNI: It's fun. Not like I've got anything else better to do.

(TPYMK scowls, feeling a slight pang of sympathy.)

TPYMK: Don't you have parents?

DUNI: Not anymore. Left home a while ago. I can't even remember their names... I live here now.

TPYMK: Why?

DUNI: It's always great here. Every day. Don Aibu always gives us the best stuff – at generous prices, too.

TPYMK: Don Aibu?

DUNI: Yeah. Why, do you want me to hook you up with him?

TPYMK: No. I think I can find him myself.

(TPYMK sits there in silence for a few moments.)

You know, you really shouldn't be doing this at your age.

DUNI: Who cares? Besides, I'll be dead in less than a week, anyway.

TPYMK: *Dead?*

DUNI: Yeah. Dead. The stuff finally caught up with me... I'm sick every day. I can barely smoke this joint without throwing up blood anymore. Still, I might as well make the most of it... while I can still move. Soon, I'll be buried six feet under the ground... choking on the earth.

(TPYMK frowns, staring down at the ground. There's nothing he can do for this cub.)

TPYMK: I... I have to go now.

DUNI: Whatever, man.

(TPYMK stands up, slowly climbing the staircase. Duni takes one more puff from his joint, closing his eyes and surrendering to the euphoria.)

Scene Six – Office

(TPYMK pushes open a door at the top of the staircase, walking through into an untidy office. A rotting wooden desk is place in the centre of the room, books and papers scattered around everywhere.)

TPYMK: Hello?

(A battered-looking leather chair swivels around to face TPYMK. A cub is sat in it. He stares down the detective, frowning. Only now does TPYMK notice the two tough-looking lionesses stood on either side of him.)

AIBU: Who the hell are you?

TPYMK: Don Aibu, I presume?

(Aibu nods.)

AIBU: That's me.

TPYMK: I'm Detective ThatPersonYouMightKnow. I'm investigating a recent murder in the area.

AIBU: No comment. Get out.

(TPYMK glances at the two lionesses.)

TPYMK: The Scavenger sisters... Been a while since I've seen you two. Stopped eating your victims after murdering them?

(The Scavengers growl at him.)

AIBU: There are no murders going on around here, Detective. Just... people having a good time.

TPYMK: Oh, sure. Because my idea of a good time is to jab a

needle full of God-knows-what into my skin.

AIBU: It's not like that.

TPYMK: You're exploiting kids, for God's sake. There's a cub down there who's going to die in less than a week because of your stupid drugs.

(Aibu shrugs.)

AIBU: They make the choice.

TPYMK: You really are a nasty piece of work, you know that?

AIBU: I have nothing to do with your investigation. Now, get out of here – before I get the Scavengers to tear your head off.

TPYMK: Like I believe you had nothing to do with it. Although, I can arrest you for plenty of other things. Drug dealing, for example.

(Aibu leans forwards, grinning evilly.)

AIBU: *Try it.*

TPYMK: Not now. But maybe if I get my partner—

(Aibu laughs.)

AIBU: You really think you can take me on with just two of you? I could have you two doing the hard stuff in five minutes flat.

TPYMK: I think you'll find my partner is much stronger than you. Both in body and in spirit. I don't think he'd surrender to any of your cheap tricks.

Scene Seven – Warehouse

(Simba climbs over an unconscious tiger lying on the ground, walking over to the corner of the intoxicated room. He spots two cubs lying next to each other. One of them looks asleep. The other smiles, beckoning for Simba to join them.)

TOJO: Hey, Simba!

SIMBA: Hey, Tojo! How's it going?

TOJO: Great, thanks. Where've you been all this time? We haven't seen you around here in a while.

SIMBA: Nothing much. Just a bit of work here and there. What about you?

TOJO: Just hanging with Tama. Don Aibu is the *best*. He lets us all stay here.

SIMBA: Really?

(Simba speaks in a low whisper.)

Is the stuff still... good?

(Tojo smiles, nodding.)

TOJO: Oh, yeah – it's good. Just look at Tama.

(Simba glances to the side, noticing Tama lying right beside Tojo. He soon realises that she isn't asleep at all. Her eyes are open, looking incredibly wide. She seems to be in some sort of trance.)

SIMBA: What's going on with her?

(Tojo's smile widens.)

TOJO: She's trippin' hard style... Don Aibu's got this new one in.

(Simba's interest seems piqued.)

SIMBA: Oh, yeah? What is it?

TOJO: Apparently it's excreted by some kind of creature in some jungle far away from here. It's the best stuff ever. I had to steal so I could buy some of it. Wanna try some?

SIMBA: Well... I probably shouldn't... I tried to quit...

TOJO: Come on – one won't hurt. Live a little.

(Tojo pulls a small plastic bag out from behind his back, emptying its contents onto the ground. A small pile of white powder is piled up. Tojo raises his eyebrows at Simba.)

Go on – try some.

(Simba thinks for a moment, hesitating – but then he gives in and snorts some of the powder up his nose.)

SIMBA: Oh... wow...

(Simba, feeling light-headed, falls onto his back. Tojo chuckles as Simba's pupils dilate, watching him drift off into a high.)

TOJO: Told ya it was good.

To Be Continued...

AN: Eww... that was really horrible to write. I've destroyed the innocence of most of my characters with that scene. Yep – Simba's a secret drug addict. Surprise, eh? Only in this short series of scripts... At least I'm still investigating the mystery. What implications will Simba's drug addiction have on the story? Will Aibu have the Scavengers eat me? Will the mystery of Haiba's murder ever be unravelled? Find out in part four – coming soon!

AN: After the grim third part of this morbidly comic tale, we finally come to the penultimate installment. The mystery might just become a little clearer... and more depressing. But I live for making things dramatic and dark. The fluffy TPYMK you once knew is no more!

The Haiba Mystery (Part 4 of 5)

Scene One – Office

(Aibu is staring unconvincingly at TPYMK.)

AIBU: You can't win, Detective. This is my kingdom, and I rule over it.

(TPYMK laughs sarcastically.)

TPYMK: Oh, really? Well, King Crack, just how big do you think this 'kingdom' is going to be?

AIBU: Bigger than you think. One day, every kid in the world is going to be on drugs because of me.

TPYMK: Not if I have anything to do about it, sicko.

AIBU: You couldn't possibly hope to bring down my empire, Detective. It spans the entirety of this city. I control this place, and everyone in it. As soon as you leave this building, there'll be a price on your head so high that the entire population will come after you.

(TPYMK looks severely unfazed.)

TPYMK: Pretty cowardly, aren't you?

(Aibu's jaw twitches – but TPYMK continues.)

All of this to cover up your crime? It's just a little bit *too* elaborate.

AIBU: I have nothing to do with whoever the hell got bumped off. I just want a rat like you dead and buried.

(TPYMK folds his arms.)

TPYMK: What does the name Haiba mean to you?

AIBU: Haiba? Sounds like the name of one of my customers.

(TPYMK's eyes widen. For the first time, he looks alarmed.)

TPYMK: What?

AIBU: Yeah. Bought a big bag of Sumu. Paid good money for it, too. He must have been trippin' *all* night after that.

TPYMK: What the hell is Sumu?

(Aibu chuckles.)

AIBU: My latest creation. I named it myself. It gets you higher than anything. In fact, it feels like... paradise. One little snort, and you'll forget about all your troubles. You should try it some time.

TPYMK: I would rather gouge out my eyes with a rusty bread knife.

(Aibu scoffs.)

AIBU: Baby.

TPYMK: So what does it do? A drug like that is bound to have side effects.

AIBU: Well, it is known to be rather... addictive. Once you start, you can't ever stop. No matter how hard you try.

(He points downwards with a claw.)

All those little chickens down there... They've all tried it, and they'll do anything to keep using it. Beg, borrow, steal... Whatever. It takes over their minds. No one's ever failed to pay up yet.

TPYMK: I doubt that's just it.

(Aibu chuckles.)

AIBU: Well, of course not. The substance boils your brain over time. I mean, such intense highs have never been experienced by man or beast before. Sooner or later, you're gonna have that one trip that you never wake up from. At least it's a happy ending. Your last words are, "Ha-ha-ha!" and you end up with a smile on your face.

TPYMK: How many people have died from it?

AIBU: Hard to say... I've lost count. The kids go crazy for it, though. There are always those teenagers looking to try something new. I'm all too happy to give it to 'em. After all, they make me rich!

TPYMK: You're a monster.

AIBU: No. I'm a business man. And a very effective one, too.

TPYMK: And Haiba bought from you?

AIBU: Yeah. He must have been into it.

TPYMK: I don't believe you.

AIBU: Fine. Then don't. Just be ignorant of the truth.

(TPYMK points at him.)

TPYMK: This ends tonight.

AIBU: Oh, really? Are you gonna tear down this whole city for the sake of one murder case, Detective?

TPYMK: Yes. Yes, I will. And there's nothing you can do to stop me.

(Aibu smiles.)

AIBU: Well... we'll soon see about that.

Scene Two – Warehouse

(TPYMK is thrown out of the office by the Scavengers, sending him tumbling down the wooden staircase until he lands in a heap at the bottom. The sound of the door slamming shut is heard.)

TPYMK: Ow... that hurt.

(TPYMK climbs to his feet, dusting off his trenchcoat and adjusting his fedora. He tries to compose himself. He glances aside, spotting Duni lying unconscious on the ground a few feet away from where he was sat earlier. TPYMK places two fingers against his neck. No pulse.)

Damn it...

(He walks into the centre of the room, surrounded by the intoxicated animals. He spots the hornbill from before to the

side of the room, speaking to a nervous-looking male of the same species.)

PORI: Come on, Zazu... Just try some.

(Zazu shuffles nervously on the stone floor.)

ZAZU: Oh, I don't know, Pori... These kind of substances can be detrimental to your health.

(Pori gestures with a wing to a small pile of Sumu on the floor. She looks more out of it than ever, slurring her words.)

PORI: Come on, Zazu... It's not gonna hurt. That's just lies made up by the news. You'll be flying higher than usual if you take some. Go on – breathe some excitement into your life.

ZAZU: Well... I suppose a little bit can't hurt.

(Zazu leans down and snorts some of the powder. His eyes flicker, as he slowly falls onto his back.)

Oh, I say...

(TPYMK scowls as the hornbill surrenders to the high.)

TPYMK: Jesus...

(His eyes scan the room, searching for any sign of his partner.)

Come on, Simba – where the hell are you?

(He finally spots the golden-furred cub lying in the corner of the room.)

Oh, you've gotta be kidding me...

(TPYMK hops over an unconscious tiger lying in his way, sprinting over to Simba.)

Simba! What the hell are you doing?

(TPYMK inspects Simba. The cub is lying on his back, eyes as wide as dinner plates and a goofy smile on his face. He looks totally detached from reality.)

Simba! *Simba!*

(Simba giggles.)

SIMBA: Heh-heh-heh... The oranges and hyenas are copulating!

TOJO: He's in the zone!

(TPYMK scowls, his eyes locking onto a cub sat beside him. He's smoking a joint.)

TPYMK: Did you give him this?

TOJO: Yeah, dude! His brain is sizzling right now. Sumu is totally the best. A joint or two is always good to relax from the high, though... The stuff you see is pretty intense.

(TPYMK notices the female cub lying beside Tojo. She looks the same as Simba, although notably less responsive.)

TPYMK: What's up with her?

(Tojo shrugs, taking a drag from his joint.)

TOJO: I don't know. She's been like that for a few hours, though. She must be trippin' *mega* hard style!

TPYMK: God, this is sick...

(TPYMK shakes Simba.)

Simba! Wake up!

TOJO: He's not gonna wake up until it's all over. Just leave him, man. Sit down. You want a joint?

TPYMK: Shut up, you junkie!

(He slaps Simba across the face, only inciting a few light giggles. TPYMK glares at Tojo.)

Why the hell did he take this stuff?

TOJO: Simba used to come here all the time, dude. We used to get up to some pretty wild stuff... The meth always kept things

exciting. Then he disappeared to 'work' or something like that. Haven't seen him until now.

TPYMK: He was doing drugs *before* this?

TOJO: All the time, man... We used to get so high together.

(TPYMK stares straight ahead.)

TPYMK: I've gotta get out of here.

(TPYMK rushes away.)

TOJO: Chicken!

(Tojo drops his joint to the floor, just as Tama starts coughing.)

Tama?

Scene Three – Outside Simba's House

(TPYMK storms up to the front of Simba's house, ringing the doorbell.)

TPYMK: Come on, come on, come on...

(Nala opens the front door, staring in confusion at TPYMK.)

I need to talk to you.

Scene Four – Warehouse

(Simba's eyes slowly recede to their normal size. He stares up at the sky, remembering the intense high that he has just experienced.)

SIMBA: Wow... My brain's on fire.

(Suddenly, he hears the sound of crying from nearby.)

Huh?

(Simba turns his head to the side, spotting Tojo hunched over Tama.

Tama hasn't moved from her original spot. She's throwing up,

choking on her own vomit.)

Tojo, what's going on?

TOJO: I don't know – she just started puking!

SIMBA: Well, help her, then!

TOJO: But I don't know what to do!

(Tama starts gagging, her throat clogged with vomit. There's nothing she can do to prevent this; she's still stuck in the high. Tojo looks desperate.)

Come on, Tama – stay with me!

(Tojo cradles her gently, tears streaming down his cheeks. Tama's body suddenly goes limp, her lungs devoid of air. She's dead.)

Oh, God...

(Tojo starts to sob. Simba can only stare.)

No! Tama! *No!*

(He cries into her scruffy fur, heartbroken.)

What am I going to do without her?

(Simba says nothing.)

Instead, he quietly extricates himself from the scene, heading for the warehouse door.

Tojo is left with only the dead body of his girlfriend for company. He trembles.)

I can't live like this... I can't... I have to be with her...

(His eyes fall upon the pile of Suma on the floor. He reaches out with a paw, and snorts almost half of it up his nose. It isn't long before he's totally unconscious, knowing full well that he won't ever be waking up again.)

The two lovers die in each other's arms.)

Scene Five – Kitchen

(TPYMK and Nala are sat opposite each other at the dining table.)

NALA: What do you want, ThatPersonYouMightKnow? I thought you were with Simba?

(TPYMK narrows his eyes at her.)

TPYMK: Did you know your husband was on drugs?

(Nala just stares at him for a moment – and then sighs.)

NALA: We tried to put it behind us...

TPYMK: What? You actually *knew*?

NALA: He was honest with me... He said he was getting help for it...

TPYMK: How long have you known for?

NALA: Since we were together. I didn't know whether I could be with a drug user at first. But I loved him. Did you only just find out?

TPYMK: Yeah. He's still on drugs.

(Nala looks shocked.)

NALA: *What?* He told me he quit.

TPYMK: And you were dumb enough to believe him. I always thought there was something up with that guy...

(Nala lets out a sob, burying her face in her paws.)

NALA: I thought all of this was over... I trusted him.

TPYMK: I'd suggest a divorce, if I were you.

NALA: This is horrible...

(TPYMK stands up, tucking the chair underneath the table.)

I have to go. Work to do.

(TPYMK starts for the doorway.)

NALA: What did he mean to you?

(He stops.)

Haiba... What did he mean to you?

(TPYMK turns around, leaning against the wall.)

TPYMK: Purpose.

NALA: What?

TPYMK: He gave me purpose. Haiba was always... a happy guy. Never stopped smiling. He was always joking around. He was just... Haiba. And it made *me* feel better about myself. Like... like I had something worth living for.

(He sighs, frowning.)

But not now. Now he's gone, and all I have is... this. Trying to work out what happened. It's like someone's wrote most of the story, and I just have to do the ending.

(Nala remains silent for a few moments...

But then, she speaks the question that's been on her mind.)

NALA: You loved him... didn't you?

(TPYMK doesn't answer. He leaves the kitchen. Nala is left sitting there on her own, lost in her thoughts.)

Scene Six – Alleyway

(The alleyway is now empty. Haiba's body has been taken away. It's like nothing ever happened there. TPYMK is stood in the middle, rain splashing down all around him.)

TPYMK: (whispering) Come on, Haiba... Give me a clue.

(He kneels down, placing a hand against the concrete where his body once lay.)

Give me something... *Anything*...

(Sighing deeply, TPYMK stands up. He buries his hands in his pockets, looking upwards.)

And then he sees someone.)

VOICE: You shouldn't have come back.

(TPYMK's eyes widen in horror.)

TPYMK: It's *you*!

To Be Continued...

AN: A sad, sad end for Tama and Tojo. Again. Two drug abusers locked in an eternal embrace. Such an apt ending. And Duni died, too. Still... it looks like the killer has finally decided to show his face. This leaves some interesting questions. Who is the culprit? What role does Nala play in this? Am I in love with Haiba? Find out in the final part of *The Haiba Mystery*!

AN: Well, here it is: the final part of *The Haiba Mystery*! All shall be revealed! Now, get cracking, sausages!

The Haiba Mystery (Part 5 of 5)

Scene One – Alleyway

(TPYMK stares in horror.)

TPYMK: It was *you*!

(Simba is stood there.)

SIMBA: I told you not to come back here. I *warned* you.

(The cub glares at him.)

TPYMK: You killed him... didn't you?

SIMBA: I hoped you would never find out... It didn't have to come to this. I like you, ThatPersonYouMightKnow – but you've seen too much now.

TPYMK: Why did you do it? I knew there was something shady going on as soon as I found out about your drug addiction.

(Simba smirks.)

SIMBA: Heh... So you knew.

TPYMK: Yeah – I found you trippin' out with that loser cub and that junkie girlfriend of his.

(Simba scowls.)

SIMBA: Show some respect – she's dead now.

TPYMK: Why should I? You didn't when you murdered Haiba.

(Simba chuckles, glancing aside.)

SIMBA: It had to do it... You don't understand.

TPYMK: Then *make* me understand – because I'm about ten seconds away from putting a bullet in your brain.

SIMBA: Don't be so melodramatic. You won't kill me. Not yet, at least.

TPYMK: You said you didn't even know him. You lied. *Straight to my face.*

(His face twists in anger.)

SIMBA: Okay, so I knew him. Not much, though. Aside from the important things, of course – like what caused me to kill him...

TPYMK: He was the nicest person alive. He did nothing to deserve this.

SIMBA: Oh, you think? He used to buy drugs...

TPYMK: Yeah. For *you*.

(Simba looks dumbstruck.)

SIMBA: *What?*

TPYMK: A big bag of Sumu... You sent him out there to get it. Threatened him, I imagine. Not to fuel your habit – you didn't get back on the drugs until later – but simply to get him to the warehouse.

(Simba stands there. Motionless. TPYMK continues.)

Then you stabbed him with a metal pole, as soon as he came out. You said no one ever goes there. It would be the perfect place to commit a crime. Especially a murder. Not like Don Aibu's ever gonna turn up his nose at that. He kills kids for breakfast.

(Simba looks speechless.)

SIMBA: But you can't—

TPYMK: The one thing I *don't* understand, of course... is *why*. Why would you want to kill Haiba? The loveliest being on earth, and you finished him off. Why?

SIMBA: She told me... She said she couldn't hide it any longer... Said she had to tell me...

TPYMK: What are you talking about?

SIMBA: Nala. She... she...

(TPYMK grits his teeth.)

TPYMK: *Tell me.*

SIMBA: She slept with Haiba.

(TPYMK looks stunned.)

TPYMK: What?

SIMBA: You heard me. She. Slept. With. Haiba.

TPYMK: But... but, how—

SIMBA: They knew each other from years ago... She told me they were just friends at first. Then, one night, while she was out, she had a bit too much to drink... I know he forced himself on her. That's when it happened.

TPYMK: You can't know that for sure.

SIMBA: A lover knows it in his heart.

TPYMK: But you *can't*. For all you know, she could have forced herself on *him* and—

SIMBA: *Shut up!*

(Simba pounds the ground in fury.)

Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!

(TPYMK takes a step back in quiet shock.)

TPYMK: That drug causes a lot more than addiction...

SIMBA: *Shut up!*

(Panting with rage, Simba points at TPYMK with a shaky claw.)

You don't understand! I thought she loved me! *She should only have loved me! Not that rat!*

TPYMK: Calm down, you idiot. That drug is amplifying your anger.

SIMBA: *Shut your mouth, I said!* He had to die! He deserved it! I rammed that pole through his chest, and I loved every second of it! *Every second!*

TPYMK: So you killed him out of revenge. How petty.

SIMBA: It felt good. I liked it.

TPYMK: You could have been a good cop, Simba... if you didn't throw your life down the drain.

SIMBA: *I'm ten times better than you!*

TPYMK: Oh, shut up. Face it, Simba. You're done. You've admitted to the crime.

SIMBA: It's Don Aibu's word against yours. This entire police force is corrupt. You think they're going to believe you when he slips them a nice wad of cash or a few bags of Sumu? You'll be in jail much quicker than me.

TPYMK: So what happens to you?

SIMBA: I think I'll become one of his dealers... I can get paid in Sumu, then. I don't need anything else.

(TPYMK raises an eyebrow.)

TPYMK: Not even Nala?

(Simba scowls.)

SIMBA: Just like you, she can't be trusted... She'll be next. Why should I show her mercy? Why should I show *anyone* mercy?

TPYMK: It's that drug. It's making you even worse.

SIMBA: I know what I'm doing.

(He glances over TPYMK's shoulder, smiling.)

Isn't that right, Don Aibu?

(TPYMK suddenly feels a gun being jabbed into his back.)

AIBU: Yeah.

(TPYMK whips round to face Aibu, who is holding a pistol at him.)

I told you not to mess with us, Detective. As I said: this is *my* kingdom.

(Simba joins Aibu by his side.)

TPYMK: You couldn't even finish me off yourself. You had to get help to do it.

AIBU: Once you're gone, this city will be under my control. It's only a matter of time before the Sumu is being sold throughout the world. No one will be able to resist trying some. Every kid in the world, Detective. Every kid in the world.

TPYMK: Until they're dead.

AIBU: More lives will come into existence. That's the way the world works. As long as I'm rich, and I have the power, then I'm happy.

SIMBA: Just shoot him already. I want to drink his blood.

AIBU: Maybe somewhere more private... Come on, Detective. Let's go back to the warehouse. Or, as I like to call it, 'The Zone'. It's your favourite place, isn't it?

(He ushers him forwards with the gun.)

Come on.

Scene Two – Warehouse

(TPYMK is pushed into the warehouse by Aibu. He gapes in surprise at what he sees.)

TPYMK: Oh, God...

(The animals – who were once alive and vibrant with intoxication – are now all dead. Every single one has died the same way: choking on their own vomit in the midst of a high.)

You killed them all...

(Aibu grins.)

AIBU: Free Sumu. They jumped at the chance. I want to start out with a clean slate. New users will come in... The temptation will be too great.

(Aibu glances at the staircase, at the top of which is his office.)

We should be allowed some privacy in my office. Let's go.

(Aibu storms towards the staircase, kicking aside the fallen corpse of Pori on his way.)

SIMBA: Do as he says.

(Simba shoves TPYMK forwards, and he almost ends up tripping over Zazu. But he manages to regain his footing, heading for the staircase.)

Scene Three – Office

(Simba slams the office door shut, leaving TPYMK trapped with him and Aibu.)

AIBU: This quest of yours was quite fruitless, Detective. You should have known that it could only end in disaster for you.

TPYMK: Guess so.

AIBU: Here you go, Simba.

(Aibu tosses the gun to him.)

Take him out yourself. I know how much personal this is for you. I'll just sit back and enjoy the fireworks.

(Aibu sits down in his leather chair, putting his hind paws up on the desk.)

SIMBA: I'm gonna enjoy this.

(He points the pistol at TPYMK's forehead.)

You never should have returned.

(TPYMK looks surprisingly compliant.)

TPYMK: Probably not.

(Simba smiles.)

SIMBA: Goodbye, ThatPersonYouMightKnow.

(Simba goes to pull the trigger – just as TPYMK interrupts him.)

TPYMK: There is just *one* more thing, though.

SIMBA: What?

TPYMK: Do I get a last request?

(Simba thinks for a moment.)

SIMBA: Depends what it is.

TPYMK: Well, you guys are always talking about how good that Sumu stuff is... Mind if I try some? Might as well make the most of my last few minutes on earth. Then you can put a bullet through my head while I'm high. What do you say?

(Simba lowers the gun, looking at Aibu.)

SIMBA: What do you think, Aibu? Should we be nice?

(Aibu slowly nods.)

AIBU: Very well. I did say Sumu gives you a happy ending. Your miserable life may actually have some excitement for once, Detective.

TPYMK: I suppose you're right.

(Aibu reaches behind his desk and retrieves a transparent plastic bag containing a medium-sized quantity of Sumu. He throws it at TPYMK, who catches it without even looking.)

AIBU: There you go. Knock yourself out – *literally*.

(TPYMK calmly opens the bag.)

TPYMK: There is *one* good thing about this stuff, I suppose.

AIBU: Oh, yeah? And what's that?

TPYMK: It really does blind your senses.

(He throws the contents right in Aibu's face.)

AIBU: *Gah!*

(The cub slams his forepaws against his face, blinded by the substance.)

What the hell?

(TPYMK reveals a pistol of his own from within his trenchcoat. He fires two quick shots in succession at Aibu's chest. The cub crumples to the ground, blood spurting all over the wooden floorboards.)

SIMBA: *Hey!*

(Simba launches himself at TPYMK, only for him to turn around quickly and shoot him right through the head. The cub's brains splatter against the wall, creating a noticeable contrast with the brown colour. TPYMK lowers his gun, breathing a sigh of relief.)

TPYMK: And *that's* why drugs are bad.

Scene Four – Outside Warehouse

(A few police cars and vans have pulled up outside the warehouse. Sirens can be heard blaring. TPYMK sits on the edge of the curb.)

NALA: Hey!

(Nala sits down next to TPYMK on the curb.)

What are you doing down there?

TPYMK: Nothing. I had to call the police from the next town over to come here. I don't trust the authorities here. Far too corrupt. What about you?

NALA: I just wanted to say... thank you.

(TPYMK's eyes narrow in confusion.)

TPYMK: Huh?

NALA: Thank you. I heard about the... the Sumu. You... killed him, didn't you?

(TPYMK just nods.)

You made me realise... My husband was too dangerous in the end.

TPYMK: He was a psychopath. It would have always led back to the drugs, one way or another. I know about the affair. That's why he killed Haiba. I don't know whether I should tell you this, but... you would have been next.

(Nala just stares solemnly down at the ground.)

NALA: I really *did* love him. But I guess that people can change sometimes. Into something horrible.

TPYMK: You got that right.

NALA: You never told me... Did you really love him? Haiba?

TPYMK: Like a brother. He meant the world to me. And this all revolved around him. A happy cub, surrounded by evil.

(His eyes show sadness.)

But he's gone now. There's nothing I can do now. I'm all on my own.

(TPYMK stands up, adjusting his fedora.)

NALA: But what about... all of this?

TPYMK: The drugs will be rounded up, and everyone involved will be arrested. A happy ending. Good for you.

NALA: Will you ever come back?

TPYMK: There's nothing left for me here. It's time to move on. Try something new.

(He takes a deep breath.)

Goodbye, Nala.

(TPYMK walks off to the left.)

NALA: He would have been proud of you.

(He stops.)

I think he really *did* love you. More than anything.

(TPYMK turns around, one last time. He smiles.)

TPYMK: That sounds like him.

(And so the detective walks off into the sunset, disappearing into the morning sunrise...)

The End

AN: There you have it. Simba killed Haiba all along. That druggie creep... He was a nasty piece of work.

And so we finally say goodbye to Detective ThatPersonYouMightKnow. What a shame – I was growing very fond of him. I suppose you can call that ending... bittersweet, at best. Still, at least those fleabag criminals are dead, and that filthy Sumu drug is off the streets. I saved the day. How about that? Yay for me!